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1824

HERBERT (G. B.)

SONGS,

DUETS, GLEES, CHORUSES,

Invocation, &c.

IN A NEW ROMANTIC BURLETTA [SPECTACLE,

CALLED

VALMONDI;

OR THE

Unhallowed Sepulchre!

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

ADELPHI THEATRE, STRAND,

On THURSDAY, October 14, 1824.

THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC, BY G. B. HERBERT.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. GLINDON, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET

Price One Shilling.

Oct. 1824

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

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and to deliver alcoholic beverages for consumption on the premises

where the same are sold, and to deliver the same for consumption

off the premises, and to deliver the same for consumption

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off the premises, and to deliver the same for consumption

on the premises, and to deliver the same for consumption

ADELPHI THEATRE,

STRAND.

The PUBLIC are most respectfully informed, that, During the Recess,
this Theatre has undergone

Considerable Alterations & Improvements,

A Dress Circle and Back Front Boxes have been formed,

The STAGE DEPARTMENT has been considerably heightened, so as to be capable of showing a greater Extent of Scenery, the Whole has been RECENTLY RE-DECORATED, in a most novel and expensive Style, and will OPEN for the Season,

This present THURSDAY, October 14,


FRIDAY, 15, and SATURDAY, 16, 1824,

When will be produced

AN ENTIRELY NEW ROMANTIC BURLETTA SPECTACLE,

Which has been the Whole Summer in Preparation,

And on which it is now, perhaps, needless to say, *no Pains nor Expence have been spared*, in the hope of making it both Popular and Effective. —The SCENERY has been painted by several Artists, of the first-rate Talent; and every Care has been taken to render the MACHINERY correct and imposing. —The DRESSES have been constructed with every Attention to Propriety and Splendour.

 *The BAND has been selected with the utmost Care, and for Number will far exceed that of any Theatre in London.*

Equal Attention has been paid to the Chorus, as, in Addition to most of the GENTLEMEN of the ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, many others of approved Talent have been added,

Forming, in the Whole, perhaps, the most numerous and effective CHORUS ever heard on an English Stage.

The COMPANY has been engaged with the greatest Attention to Public Taste.

Though the Proprietors hope and trust they will have little or no Occasion to claim any Indulgence of the Public, yet in making so Gigantic an Effort in so small a Space, they feel, that on a first Representation, slight Inaccuracies may possibly occur in some of the Arrangements; and if such should be the case, they are confident the Public will deal with their accustomed Leniency, and bear in mind that, independent of the Trouble which has been bestowed, a small Fortune has already actually been expended in trying to render it worthy of Public Approbation.

The Whole of the MUSIC composed by G. B. HERBERT, with the Exception of the OVERTURE, by G. SPORITEN.

The SCENERY, Splendid and Romantic, designed and Executed by Messrs. TOMKINS, WALKER, (by Permission of the Proprietors of the Surry Theatre) WILSON, WILKINS, MATTHEWS, and Assistants. The New Drop Scene designed and executed by Mr. WILSON—The Whole of the DRESSES, made from Designs by and under the Superintendence of Mr. GODBEE and Mrs. STILLMAN, by a Host of Auxiliaries—The PROPERTIES of the BANQUET, BANNERS, &c. under the Direction of Mr. DIX. The MACHINERY under the Superintendence of Mr. R. DENNIS.—The DANCES arranged by Mr. JONES.

The Stage Arrangements of the Piece directed by Mr. POWER.

The Piece has been written with a view of at once gratifying the ruling Taste of the Day, and of conveying a Moral Lesson in the Shape of an amusing Spectacle,—it is in Three Acts, and entitled

VALMONDI;

OR,

THE UNHALLOWED SEPULCHRE!

Kelmar, *a Man gifted with Immortality,*
wandering o'er the Earth in search of Death, Mr. GOMERSAL.

Valmondi, <i>a ruined Nobleman, reduced to ab-</i> <i>ject poverty</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. POWER.
The Baron of Hardenberg,	-	-	-	-	Mr. LEE.
Malech, <i>the Demon of Death</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. VILLIERS.
Zuric, <i>an inferior Demon</i>	-	-	-	-	Signor PAULO.
Albert, <i>a Nobleman,</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. PAYNE.
Michael Frumptz, <i>Warder of the Castle</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. REEVE.
Frippz, <i>his Godson</i>	-	.	-	-	Mr. W. BROWN.
Grand Inquisitor	-	-	-	-	Mr. ELLIOTT.
Second Inquisitor	-	-	-	-	Mr. DALY.
Hugo, <i>a Domestic</i>	-	-	-	-	Mr. PHILLIPS.
Servant	-	-	-	-	Mr. J. SMITH.
Elvina, <i>the Baron's Daughter</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss BODEN.
Matilda, <i>Wife to Valmondi</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. BRYAN.
Louise, <i>Elvina's Attendant</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss BROWN.
Jannette, <i>the Village Matron</i>	-	-	-	-	Mrs. DALY.
Christabelle, <i>a Village Bride</i>	-	-	-	-	Miss PARROCK.

Principal Dancers, Mr. J. JONES and Mrs. SEARLE.

Corps de Ballet, Messrs. Payne, Phillips, Forster, Brady &c.
Mesdames Brown, Carr, Giles, Ireland, Gasciani, Gay, &c.

Inquisitors, Guards, Ushers, Pages, Noblemen, Monks, Bishops, Cardinals, Executioners, Servants, Nuns, Ladies of the Banquet, Villagers, &c. by the THEATRICAL SUPERNUMERARIES.

ORDER OF THE MUSIC.

ACT. I.

OPENING SCENA, "Look out, look out," GRAND CHORUS.
DUET, "How weak is Woman e'er to wed," *Albert and Elvina*.
QUARTETT, "Now Night, with all his starry Train," *Albert*.
Elvina, &c.

INVOCATION.

SEMI CHORUS, "Demons of Vengeance and Demons of Blood."
GRAND CHORUS, "Zuric, Zuric, this Way fly."
GRAND CHORUS, "Oh disturb us not thus, though we died
unblest," *between the Spirits of Murderers and their Victims*.
SEMI CHORUS, "Speak, nor dread the Demons' ire."
FINALE, "Rejoice! rejoice! and bless this Hour," GRAND
DEMONIAC CHORUS.

ACT II.

OPENING SCENA, "Now blithe as the Morning," GRAND
CHORUS.
SONG, "If she I love be far away," *Albert*.
SERENADE, "Oh sleep, gentle Lady," *Valmondi and Serenaders*.
BRAVURA, "Oh pity me, Father," *Elvina*.
TRIO and CHORUS, "Set the red, red Wine now flowing."
SEMI CHORUS, "Immortal Man, beware, beware."
FINALE, "Rash Fool, thus Malech's Will to brave," GRAND
CHORUS.

ACT III.

GLEE, "Drink, Oh drink, the Ghosts are all gone."
DUET, "My trembling Hand in welcome take," *Albert and*
Elvina.

PROCESSION TO THE AUTO DA FE.

SEMI CHORUS, "Pray, Sisters, pray."
GRAND CHORUS, "Misericordia."
SONG, "If she be lost whom I adore," *Albert*.
SEMI CHORUS, "Fly Zuric, fly."
GRAND CHORUS, "Why doth thy Blood in Terror flow."
FINALE, "Behold, behold, Oh agonising sight!" GRAND
CHORUS.

ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

ACT I.

- SCENE I.—A Terrace and Flower Garden, with a distant View of the Swiss Mountains. - *Tomkins.*
 SCENE II.—Hall in the Castle of Hardenberg. - *Matthews.*
 SCENE III.—A wretched Hovel, on the Borders of the Forest—the Abode of Valmondi - - *Matthews.*
 SCENE IV.—Apartment in the Castle of Hardenberg *Walker.*
 SCENE V.—A View of the Forest.
 SCENE VI.—A Moonlight View of the fatal Abbey Ruins, with the Exterior of the unhallowed Sepulchre.

AWFUL INVOCATION!

Of the DEMON, and the Fiery Circles, with the Animation of the Dead. *Tomkins,*

ACT II.

- SCENE I.—Swiss Village and Rustic Bridge, with a distant View of Valmondi's Palace - - *Wilkins.*
 SCENE II.—A Wood
 SCENE III.—Terrace and Flower Garden, with a distant View of the Swiss Mountains by Moonlight *Tomkins.*
 SCENE IV.—A Hall in the Castle of Hardenberg *Matthews.*
 SCENE V.—An Apartment in ditto - - - *Walker.*
 SCENE VI.—A Hall in Valmondi's Palace - - *Walker.*
 SCENE VII.—Banqueting Hall in ditto, splendidly illuminated; the Fatal Warning; with the Visions of Terror, & the Appearance of the Demon. *Walker.*

ACT III.

- SCENE I.—Servant's Hall in Valmondi's Palace
 SCENE II.—Hall in the Castle of Hardenberg. - *Matthews.*
 SCENE III.—Court of the Inquisition, with the Trial of the accused - - - *Wilkins.*
 SCENE IV.—Street leading to the Place of Execution *Matthews.*
 SCENE V.—The Cross and Market Place, arranged for the Execution of the Culprit; with the Procession of the Auto da Fe. *Wilkins.*
 SCENE VI.—Street leading out of the Place of Execution *Matthews.*
 SCENE VII.—Elvina's Apartment and Inner Chamber *Walker.*
 SCENE VIII.—Hall in the Castle of Hardenberg - *Matthews.*
 SCENE LAST.—The Interior of the unhallowed Sepulchre, with

Valmondi's Pledge of Faith, Appearance of the Demon, and the Fall of the Sepulchre, discovering the Entrance to

THE REGIONS OF TERROR! *Wilkins*

CHORISTERS.

Soprani.	Alti.	Tenori.	Bassi.
Mesdames	Messrs.	Messrs.	Messrs.
GAMWELL	TAYLOR	CAHIL	BARCLAY
VIDAL	LODGE	PATTON	VAUGHAN
LODGE	MILLER	JACOBSON	DOWSING
BROWN	WALSHE	GOODSON	COATES
SOUTHWELL	PADBURY	JONES	T. GOODSON
E. BROWN	EAST	COX	HUBBARD
GRANVILLE	ROE	BURDER	EVANS
SMITH	WILSON	SANDERS	SIMKIN
			G. CHAPMAN
			PAYNE.

THE BAND.*LEADER, Mr. RUSSELL.*

Violini.	Flauti.	Corni.
Messrs.	Messrs.	Messrs.
W. H. RUSSELL	ROE	WEBB
CHAPMAN	HOWSHIP	FELLOWS
CARNES		JONES
J. RUSSELL	Oboe.	
CALKIN	Messrs.	
THELKELD	SORGE	Tromboni.
MARSHALL	WARD	Messrs.
CALLCOTT		SMITHERS.
BARRAT	Clarionetti.	HOPPERMAN
ADAMS	Messrs.	WEBERSTADT
Viole.	SPEAK	
Messrs.	COOPER	Timpani.
GLANVILLE		Messrs.
DEVONPORT	Fagotti.	ROUNDTREE
Violoncelli.	Messrs.	
Messrs.	M. CHOCKLAND	
JACKSON	ELLIOT.	Arpe.
ROWLANDS		Messrs.
BONNER	Trombe.	
Bassi.	Messrs.	
Messrs.	DECKER	SUTTON
HUMBLE	WATSON	H. RUSSELL
BUSSEL	EICHORN	J. ADAMS.
HARRIS		
HUBERT		

CHRONOLOGICAL

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OF THE

RECORDS

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Songs, Duets, &c.



ACT I.



*As the curtain rises, Elvina enters, followed by a
numerous train of domestics.*

SCENA.

ELVINA.

LOOK out ! look out ! across the plain,
The hunt will soon return again ;
For young Albert said, ere the fall of night,
He'd return to his love and his lady bright ;
But the sun is set, and we hear no sound
Of his tuneful horn, or his fav'rite hound.

Yet, hark ! yet, hark ! across the vale,
Borne on the sad soft ev'ning gale,
The welcome sound salutes the ear,
And seems to say, young Albert's near.

ELVINA.

And yonder turn the anxious eye—
Both hound and horsemen seem to fly.

Yet, look again ! for still more near,
Is seen each huntsman's shining spear ;
Let's haste and greet them, welcome home—
Yet, no !—behold ! they come ! they come !

*The music continues, while Albert and the
huntsmen ascend the terrace.*

ALBERT.

If I've tarried fair lady, my pardon I plead,
And my white foaming courser must witness my speed ;
For, believe, it no wish of thine Albert's could be,
That withheld him so long from his bower and thee.

HUNTSMEN.

Oh, we've hunted the mountains, we've coursed thro' the
vale,
We've forded deep rivers, we've dashed thro' the dale ;
And we've followed where none our steps could retrace,
But ne'er till to day, had we seen such a chase.

DUET.—ALBERT AND ELVINA.

ELVINA.

How weak is woman e'er to wed,
A lover's pangs to save ;
For, Oh, her pity only makes
A tyrant of a slave.

ALBERT.

No, thou'lt become more valued still,
 When thou art mine alone ;
 Think you, the miser scorns his gold,
 Because 'tis all his own.

ELVINA.

Yet, with a chain I shall be bound,
 But still thy kindness prove ;
 And let its' links of flow'rs be made,
 And lock it with thy love.

ALBERT.

If with a chain thou e'er art bound,
 At least, my truth I'll prove ;
 Its links shall of sweet flow'rs be made—
 I'll lock it with my love.

THE INVOCATION.

KELMAR.

First, then, to break th' unhallow'd ground,
 I draw the deadly circle round.

*Kelmar draws a circle with his dagger—a deep
 and terrific groan is heard from beneath.*

'Tis well—the demons answer to my summons.
 Yet, once again, my power to try,
 Speak, let me hear what fiends are nigh.—

He empties a phial into the circle.

CHORUS (*from beneath*).

Demons of vengeance and demons of blood,
 Now sport in the ether, and ruffle the flood ;
 Demons of malice and demons of death,
 Attend the dark summons that hangs on thy breath ;
 Demons of mischief and demons of fear,
 Are around thee, about thee, but speak, they appear !

KELMAR.

Yet, if each charm be wrought aright,
 Quickly let the circle light.

*He empties another phial, and the circle
 instantly changes to fire.*

Now, spirits of the vap'rous air,
 Let Zuric know, I claim his care ;
 Without delay, he must draw near,
 And in a human form appear.

CHORUS (*without*).

Zuric, Zuric, this way fly—
 Thro' the earth and thro' the sky ;
 Take what human form thou wilt,
 And meet us at the tomb of guilt.

The centre of the circle begins to smoke.

KELMAR.

'Tis good—I see the smoke arise—then Zuric comes.

*The smoke disappears, the earth breaks, and
 Zuric appears in the centre of the circle.*

Now, Zuric, let thy pow'r lie still,
And listen to my earthly will.

*Zuric starts from the circle, and falls at
Kelmar's feet.*

Away, and straight thy master seek,
With Malech's self I fain would speak.

*Zuric tells Kelmar by his actions, that Malech
is in a distant region, and not to be troubled.*

'Tis unpropitious!—yet, he must appear.—

If so far he must be sought,
The charm must be more potent wrought;
Go, seek him now, without delay;
I'll aid you on your dreary way.

*Zuric makes signs that he fears to approach
his master with such a message.*

Still, it must be.—

No more, no more! away, away!

Zuric darts thro' the earth.

To make the charm more pure and bright,
Another circle, thus, I light.

Draws another circle, which instantly ignites.

Lest it be fann'd by victims' groans,—
I'll fence it round with murderers' bones.

*He collects a parcel of skulls and bones, and
places them round the circle.*

CHORUS (*from beneath*).

MURDERERS.

Oh, disturb us not thus, tho' we died unblest,
 On this cold, cold earth, let our pale ashes rest ;
 For if thou but mov'st our withering bones,
 Our hearts again rack with our victims' groans.

VICTIMS.

See the phantoms approaching—each murd'rer's shade
 Now brandishes o'er us its blood crimson'd blade :
 But tho' they have murder'd, they'll give us no grave,
 Save the depths of the forest, or the wild foaming wave.

MURDERERS.

Oh hear them ! Oh hear them ! their cries will ne'er cease,
 Till you leave our ashes to moulder in peace.

*During this Chorus, 'Kelmar lights a fire in
 the centre of the circle.*

KELMAR.

And now to guard me from all harm,
 I'll try the last most potent charm.
 Three drops of blood from murder'd babe,
 A venom'd snake—a mad dog's tooth—
 A hand of son, who slew his sire—
 A scorpion's sting—the gall of toad—
 A mother's heart who kill'd her child :—
 But still the charm I'd higher raise,
 The blood of guilt will make it blaze.

*Kelmar pierces his own arm with the dagger,
 the fire immediately blazes up.*

And now I trow the charm is spun !
If Malech will, the deed is done.

VALMONDI.

Oh Kelmar ! I can bare this no longer.

A flight of ravens pass across.

Bats, owls, ravens, with many loathsome and terrific objects, are seen fleeing in the air, while the ground becomes covered with frogs, toads, serpents, and other reptiles.

After a tremendous crash, the unhallowed sepulchre bursts, and Malech is discovered. Kelmar crouches on the earth before him.

CHORUS (*without*).

Speak, nor dread the demon's ire,
Bow, and have your heart's desire:
For gold and life thou shalt not pine,
Bow, and gold and life are thine.

As Valmondi is going to bow, the noise in the air and beneath the earth becomes outrageous. The grave in the centre of the stage, opens, and Valmondi's wife appears warning him not to bow. Malech stamps, and Matilda's phantom sinks into the earth again. Valmondi falls.

DEMONS (*without*).

Rejoice! rejoice! and bless this hour,
Valmondi bows to demon's pow'r:

But more he'll ask, and more he'll yield—
 His blood is ours—the bond is seal'd :
 Then shout it through our mystic state,
 That Malech rules his future fate.

Zuric appears bearing Valmondi's child. Valmondi tries to approach it, but is struck back by phantoms, who start from their graves. The windows of the abbey become illuminated, and shew most hideous apparitions. The birds and reptiles screech more wildly than ever. Valmondi, exhausted with terror, sinks on the earth.—The curtain falls.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.



The sound of distant music is heard, which gradually becomes louder. Frippz and a train of villagers, are seen crossing the bridge.

CHORUS OF VILLAGERS, (*as they approach*).

NOW blithe as the morning,
Let's haste in adorning,
With roses and ribbons, the bride's auburn hair;
Tho' she'll, sweetly smiling,
Seem slily reviling,
Our folly, in adding to beauty so rare.

FRIPPZ.

Nay, Christabelle, dear, no longer stay,
Tis growing late—
Thy neighbours wait—
Dearest love, come down, I say,
Mirth must crown our wedding day.

CHORUS.

Thus sweetly complying,
Thy lover's soft sighing
Shall end, when he greets thy fair hand with a kiss;
While joys sweetly shedding,
It's rays o'er your wedding,
Shall crown the bright day with an halo of bliss.

CHRISTABELLE, (*from the cottage window*).

Neighbours, I hear ye,
Soon I'll be near ye—
Wait but an instant—I'll quickly descend.

FRIPPZ.

Now she can hear me,
Soon she'll be near me,
And then all my troubles will be at an end.

CHRISTABELLE, (*entering*).

Welcome, oh welcome—but pardon I pray,
My folly in causing this simple delay.

FRIPPZ.

Nay, dearest, no more of thy folly be said,
For tho' I've long tarried,
To day we'll be married,
And then all my waiting shall soon be repaid.

VILLAGERS.

Thus sweetly complying, &c.

SONG.—ALBERT.

In vain all earth and heaven look gay,
If she I love be far away :
Her smiles alone can joy impart,
Or give a sunshine to the heart.
In vain the rippling streamlets flow—
In vain the roses sweetly blow :
All beauties cease to charm my view,
Unless she's by to see them too.

(*Exit Albert.*)

SERENADE.

Oh sleep, gentle lady, no harm is here,
 All heaven's at peace, and thy lover is near:
 Beneath thy green lattice, since twilight's close,
 In silence he's watch'd o'er thy soft repose.
 If his plaint then awake thee, but think of his pain,
 Blame not his passion, and slumber again:
 For Oh! gentle lady, no harm is here,
 All heaven's at peace, and thy lover's near.

 AIR.—VALMONDI.

'Tho' sleep hover o'er thee,
 And angels adore thee,
 Oh dream not, each bosom, like thine, is at rest;
 But think of my anguish,
 How sadly I languish,
 Then pity and ease the fond pangs of my breast.

Still she comes not.

Like yon mild beaming orb, thou seems't form'd far above,
 To reign o'er this wide world, as the planet of love:
 But then all earthly beauties deserted must be,
 For all eyes would behold, and all hearts worship thee.

 CHORUS.—DOMESTICS.

SONG.—ELVINA.

Oh pity me, father, my brain's growing wild—
 Then aid, with thy wisdom, thy wav'ring child :
 My reason has left me—yet much could I tell—
 But terrors assail me—I'm bound by a spell !
 Yet foul fiends may tempt me, and do what they will,
 A father's fond heart must be true to me still.

To Albert.

Oh pardon me, Albert, the passion I've fed
 With fondest delight, now seems hopeless and dead :
 I feel for thy anguish—I know thou must hate
 The being who'd trifle so long with thy fate:
 Yet believe, had this world's mighty wealth all been mine,
 No pleasure I'd known, but in making it thine.

To Valmondi.

I tremble to look on thy wild flashing eye,
 But cannot resist thee—and yet know not why :
 Or why such wild fancies intrude on my soul—
 Or how thou hast gain'd o'er my will thy controul:
 But though my heart's bursting, and sad is this hour,
 More hating than loving, I bend to thy power.

CHORUS.

Set the red, red wine now flowing,
 Drink, oh drink, 'tis honor's due ;
 Let beauty's cheeks, with love be glowing,
 Bright as the goblet's rosy hue.
 Where heavenly beauty's meekly granting
 Look of love, with virtuous pride ;
 Those looks must ever be enchanting,
 Then hail ! all hail ! our lovely bride.

CHORUS (*without*).

Immortal man! beware, beware!
 Nor too much hope, nor too much dare:
 Trifle not with Malech's power,
 Or thou shalt rue this fatal hour.

CHORUS (*without*).

Rash fool! thus Malech's will to brave,
 Learn what thou art—his abject slave:—
 Thy joy shall cease,
 Nor hope, nor peace,
 Shall lighten once thy hateful life;
 But all shall be one endless strife.

GUESTS.

Hark! hark! the fiends in direful anger shriek!
 For black revenge, they some poor victim seek;
 Their fearful rage the stoutest heart appals—
 Behold the demon comes!—Valmondi falls!

During this Chorus, the back part of the building gives away, and Malech appears in a threatening attitude. The lights go out, and the whole walls become transparent, showing most hideous figures.—Elvina faints, and Valmondi falls frantic in Zuric's arms.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.



GLEE AND CHORUS.

Drink, oh drink, the ghosts are all gone,
Midnight is past, 'tis growing morn ;
Gen'rous wine will keep the soul up,
Then fill to the brim each sparkling cup ;
If one atom of fear remain,
Empt' each cup and fill it again ;
Fears best cure, the soul can divine,
Is drowning it thus in rosy wine.

DUET.—ELVINA AND ALBERT.

ELVINA.

My trembling hand in welcome take,
'Tis all I have to give,
My heart is thine—but oh, 'twill break,
Should I thy truth outlive.

ALBERT.

Fear not ! thus blest, all trouble's o'er,
For doating on thy charms ;
I ask no earthly treasure more,
No heaven but thy arms.

BOTH.

Thus may our lives with rapture flow,
 Free of all doubt or pain,
 Until we part on earth below,
 To meet in heav'n again.

PROGRAMME OF THE PROCESSION.

City Guards, two and two
 Boys with Censors of Frankincense
 Convent Banner
 Two Noblemen Supporters
 Dominican Nuns, two and two
 Dominican Friars, two and two
 State Banner of the Inquisition, borne by a Nobleman
 Officers of the Inquisition Supporters
GRAND INQUISITOR
 Inquisitors, two and two
 Gentlemen Ushers, with Silver Staves
THE BISHOP
 Gentlemen Ushers, with Silver Staves
THE ARCHBISHOP
 Grand Banner of St. Peter
 Two Noblemen Supporters
 Boys with Censors of Frankincense
 Gentlemen Ushers, with Silver Staves
 Two Noblemen Supporters
 Grey Friars, two and two
 Cross of the Inquisition, supported by Inquisitors
 Executioner, with lighted Torch
 Sentence, borne by the Secretary of the Inquisition
VALMONDI,
 In the Habit of the condemned

Familiars of the Inquisition, two and two
 Attendant Military Officers
 The Banner of Government
 Gentlemen Ushers, with Silver Rods
 The Crown, borne by a Nobleman
 State Swords of Mercy and of Justice, borne by Noblemen
THE GOVERNOR OF THE PROVINCE,
 In State Armour
 Gentlemen Ushers, two and two
 Ladies of the Court
 Nobles of ditto, two and two
 Inquisitors, two and two
 Officers of the Inquisition, two and two
 Inquisitors, two and two
 City Guards, two and two

HIGH PRIEST AND GRAND CHORUS.

Misericordia.

CHORUS.—INQUISITORS, &c.

Ah! who can say which way he took his flight?—
 So soon to vanish from all mortal sight :
 Sure witchcraft aided in his foul escape,
 And bore him off in some unearthly shape.

CHORUS (*above*).

Fly, Zuric, fly! 'tis thee we call—
 Vengeance ordains the proud man's fall :
 Straight to the blasted heath repair,
 For deeds of terror claim thy care.

CHORUS (*in the air*).

Why does thy blood in terror flow?
 If virtue bow, not strike the blow?
 Thou know'st thy doom—no more delay:
 Proud Malech's groaning for his prey,

CHORUS:

Behold! behold! oh agonizing sight!
 They bear him shrieking to the realms of night!

